

M . O . N . O . D . Y ,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

E L I Z A B E T H ,

D U T C H E S S O F N O R T H U M B E R L A N D .

ADDRESSED TO

His Grace the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND.

YET ONCE MORE, O! YE LAURELS —

MILTON.

O X F O R D :

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

УДОИМОМ

ко землемерам от издач

И Т Е Д А С Т

для изъяснения то есть что

составлено въ

самомъ землемерномъ походѣ

— създаніи изъ землемернаго



A MONODY, &c.

HARK!—Whence that loud, funereal yell,
 That from deplored millions seemed to rise,
 And spread in lessening murmurs through the skies?
 Ah! wherefore does the slow, death-boding bell
 Its awful, swelling, deepening accents pour
 Round the wild rocks, that skirt the naked shore;
 At whose deep base the whitening waves,
 As fierce the savage tempest raves,
 Indignant madden, and responsive roar?
 Great PERCY mingles with her kindred dead;
 In that soft sigh the quivering spirit fled,—
 But let no vulgar, impious tongue presume
 The baleful tidings to relate,
 This blackest, bitterest stroke of fate;
 And break the eternal silence of the tomb.

The dire event a nation's shrieks should tell,
 'Twas Britain's voice that wail'd her as she fell.
 'Twas Britain's voice—and all her weeping train
 Of orphans, widows mingled in the strain.
 What monument can raptured fancy raise
 To the fair memory of the wise and good,
 Tho' all the muses waked their loftiest lays,
 Tho' all the treasures of Potosi's mine
 Graced their proud bier, and sparkled round their shrine,
 Greater than Virtue's tears, and Britain's praise.

Yet will the Nine their humble tribute bring
 And clear the grave's dull horrors with a song,
 With bolder fingers sweep the swelling string,
 And bid the loftier numbers roll along.
 Thro' the hush'd air let strains seraphic float,
 Bring every instrument of solemn sound ;
 And let the deep bass raise his burial note
 'Till these skies echo, and these rocks rebound.

You speechless, pale-eyed, sorrowing band,
 Whose tears and bursting sighs declare
 What heart-felt pangs your bosoms tear ;
 Who shared her fortune, and her power,
 When famine crush'd you with his iron hand,
 When death's dire harpies, burning to devour,
 Disease and anguish, stalk'd around your bed,
 And shook their scorpions o'er your frightened head ;
 O break your awful silence, and prolong
 In melting rhapsodies to PERCY's name,
 Your loftiest measures,—swell the choral song,
 Soar with her zeal, and glow with all her flame.
 With flattery's arts your lays ye need not stain,
 Nor let one venal lye debase the strain ;
 Whate'er of daring or sublime,
 The fabling sons of Phœbus dream,
 To swell the lofty rage of rhyme,
 Shrinks from the grandeur of our brighter theme.

The greenest bays that e'er the Muses spread
 To shade the ashes of the mighty dead,
 Fade at the light of Virtue's living ray ;
 Where the rapt soul to nobler views aspires,
 And as on eagle wing she breaks away,
 From her frail tenement of mould'ring clay,
 Pants with diviner rage, and burns with purer fires.

What tho' thro' thy illustrious veins,
 From many a godlike ancestor roll'd down,
 And many a chief, of high renown,
 That fought on Agincourt's and Cressy's plains,
 The rich, patrician stream unfullied flowed ;
 Though thy proud race with lengthened splendours shine,
 And monarchs mingle in the mighty line,
 These were but humblest trophies to thy name,
 Had not thy spirit caught the kindred flame,
 Had not thy breast with rival virtue glowed.

Beneath thy smiles reviving Science reared
 With brighter verdure her immortal head,
 The sons of genius hail'd thy bounteous hand,
 That oft the night of black Misfortune cheared ;
 And every nobler Art its influence spread,
 In wider circles, round a favour'd land.
 Rise, * thou dear Child of Fancy and the Nine,
 Whom Nature, at thy awful birth endow'd
 With rage to soar beyond the rhyming crowd ;
 And kindled in thy breast the spark divine,
 That flash'd resistless thro' thy rapid line ;
 O ! torn for ever from our longing eyes,
 Whom all Parnassus widow'd springs,
 And all Castalia's weeping grottoes mourn,
 From the cold cypress bowers of death arise,
 And seize once more thy slumbering lyre,
 And deeply smite its magic strings :
 Let gratitude a nobler song inspire,

* This alludes to a particular instance of kindness in her Grace, shewn to the late Mr. GRAY.

Than burst, with sacred energy of sound,
 When Cambria's cliffs, and Conway's listening tide,
 Heard their hoar prophet raise his thundering strain,
 To blast the tyrant Edward's banner'd pride ;
 Whose streaming hands, with wanton vengeance red,
 Reek'd with the blood of bards unjustly slain.
 His powerful verse hath broke the spell of death :
 Mark where, slow-rising from their rocky bed,
 In stoles of white the bearded spectres rise,
 Flames in their hands, and vengeance in their eyes,
 And scud like lightning o'er the desart heath,
 And point their hostile torches at his head.—
 Such deathless strains to PERCY's memory raise,
 And let thy wild harp labour in her praise.
 O could they burst Death's adamantine chain,
 And give her to the weeping world again !
 Thy pencil's animated touch alone
 Can draw the living portrait of her mind ;
 Where every gentle female grace combined,
 Where every generous manly virtue shone ;

As thou, who shared her bounty best canst tell,
 And raised her name as much above her kind,
 As thy bold lays each meaner muse excell.

Ye who by birth or fortune's varying smile
 Distinguish'd shine, the guardians of our isle ;
 Whether ye swell the Senate's awful band,
 Where Lyttelton, in thoughts sublime and strong,
 Rolls the full stream of eloquence along —
 Or high on Glory's glittering summits stand
 Where all the virtues dart their blended rays,
 Diffusing round the throne their central blaze,
 And guide the scepter of supreme command ;
 O dare to emulate your sovereign's zeal :
 In truth's, in wisdom's cause with PERCY glow ;
 These are the basis of a nation's weal,
 From these renown and lasting transport flow ; —
 Haste to the couch where drooping merit pines,
 Where pale disease the languid head reclines ;
 Bid laurels round the brow of Genius bloom,
 And snatch expiring virtue from the tomb.

Fain would the Muse each generous deed rehearse,
And bid them flourish in immortal verse :
To latest times display thy virtuous fame,
Till wondering ages kindle at thy name :
With all thy spirit warm the glowing line,
Mark how the patriot, how the Christian shine ;
Trace thee thro' each fond scene of private life,
In all the tender names of friend and wife ;
Paint thee in every milder charm confess'd,
And all the parent burning in thy breast :
But what exhaustless toil can number o'er
The sands that fwell the deep's extended shore,
Or in the desart wastes of Lybia rise,
When dusky whirlwinds sweep along the skies ;
And what bold tongue shall e'er resound
The boundless tale of thy exalted worth,
That brightening every object round,
Shot forth its beams conspicuous as thy birth :
Nor did those beams with partial splendor fall,
But like the source of light, they shone on all.

Daughters of Jove, your mournful lays forbear ;
 Some song of magic virtue dare,
 To chase the sullen blackness of despair,
 And sooth the grief-struck partner of her bed :
 Whose inexpressive sorrows flow,
 In all the speechless agony of woe,
 O'er the cold ashes of the unconscious dead.
 From the rich treasures of your tuneful art,
 Some soft medic'nal balm prepare,
 Sweeter than all the breathing gums that shed
 Their wanton fragrance thro' Arabian air,
 To heal the anguish of his bleeding heart.
 To kindred worth sweep all your warbling lyres,
 O wake some tender, thrilling, dying strain ;
 Till rapture trembles from the quivering wires,
 And softer anguish throbs thro' every vein :
 Then, as each ruder Passion sinks to rest,
 With scenes of martial ardor warm his breast,
 And point his wondering eye to yonder plain ;

Where in insulted Britain's glorious Cause,
 His dauntless son the sword of justice draws,
 Against the rebel race that spurn her laws :
 And as his great forefathers tower'd in arms,
 Pants in the midst of battle's mad alarms,
 With eager hope to gain the glittering prize,
 Which Glory holds to Valour's ravish'd view ;
 Their lightning-terrors kindle in his eyes,
 And in his breast their ardors blaze anew.
 'Tis done ; — and lo ! the mitred prelate stands,
 The sacred volume trembling in his hands,
 The last sad obsequies prepared to pay,
 As the deep chorus chaunt the according lay,
 And render to the ravenous grave,
 That yawns to clasp her in its cold embrace,
 What erst to crowded courts their lustre gave ;
 The boast at once, and pattern of her race.
 Grandeur approach, this awful spot survey,
 And learn a lesson from the shrouded dead ;
 The rolling years urge on thy swift decay,
 And thou shalt slumber on the same cold bed. —

Hah ! dost thou shudder at the awful tale ?
 Does thy lip quiver, and thy cheek turn pale ?
 Or say, do Glory's charms thy thoughts beguile ?
 Does Beauty lull thee with her softer smile ?
 Yet know,—and let these sounds like thunder roll
 Thro' all the deep recesses of thy soul ;
 The sparkling eyes in death shall quench their fire,
 And all thy splendors in the dust expire.

Mark where, attended by the myriad throng,
 That anxious press around the sable bier,
 Unable to restrain the starting tear,
 Death's awful train in silence move along :
 Pale-glimmering torches thro' the dusky air,
 On every face their funeral splendors glare,
 And kindle in the skies a milder day,
 As to yon dome they bend their dreary way,
 That rears its Gothic towers, so steep and hoar ;
 Where Britain's nobles strew the sacred floor,
 And monarchs moulder with their kindred clay.

Save me ! — what meant that awful sound,
 That shook the pillars of the trembling isle,
 And dash'd yon antient portal to the ground :
 Well may thy pillars shake, thou hallow'd pile,
 In reverence due to PERCY's mighty shade,
 That seeks the marble mansions of the tomb ;
 For never, since these moss-clad turrets rose,
 Tho' scepter'd warriors in their vaults repose,
 A nobler spirit swept athwart their gloom.
 But hark ! the loud inspiring organ blows,
 And pours its labour'd harmony around !
 From their eternal thrones of light,
 Studded with burning sapphires bright,
 Descending seraphs propagate the sound,
 And swell with transports of celestial love :
 Her purer spirit mingling in their train,
 Dissolves in ecstasies unknown before ;
 Then seeks with them a happier, brighter shore ;
 On lightning-pinions cleaves yon spangled plain,
 And glows for ever in the quires above.

